



## VOL. VI.

MONTEREY, HIGHLAND COUNTY, VA., MARCH 17, 1893.

## THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed,  
Over land and over sea,  
To the countries where the rainbow  
And the glorious sunsets be,  
Kindly tell a little stranger  
Who has oddly lost her way,  
Where the road that she must travel  
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar  
With To-day, and cannot read  
What its strange, mysterious signposts  
Tell of ways and where they lead.  
And her heart upbids her sorely,  
Though she did not mean to stray  
When she fell asleep last evening  
And abandoned Yesterday.

For the left a dead neglected  
That she really should have done;  
And she fears she's lost some favors  
That she fairly might have won.  
So she'd like to turn her backward  
To retrieve them if she may—  
Will not some kindly tell her  
Where the road to Yesterday?

—Jellie M. Lippmann, in St. Nicholas.

## "CHIHUAHUA" BROWN.

BY RICHARD H. LINTHICUM.

Fortunes were found sometimes in a day at Pyrites, and so Chihuahua Brown went there when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write. Pyrites was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky Mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there are more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

It is a noticeable fact about a new mining camp that the most high-sounding titles are applied to the most commonplace-looking structures; the cheapest place always has the grandest name. For instance, the Delmonico restaurant was the worst of all the eating establishments in Pyrites, and the Windsor Hotel offered the poorest accommodations of any hostelry in the place.

The cleanest, most home-like eating-house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and a pair of shade lighters. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his board promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, when the good-natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact, that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given out by the stage driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng of listeners at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She came on the stage along side of me," said Bill. "There was three girls for the dance hall, besides. When we got to the first station, at Turkey Creek Canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me; she did so, and I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers blooming on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never see before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so interested, hearing her talk, I got purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain, as I come round Dead Man's Curve. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty? She's purtier than that night leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, specially when she's just been hitched up, 'n' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em pictures 'bout a woman raisin' up out the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Runyo and Julia'? She's purtier than either one of 'em. I've carried many a hash slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most of 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, 'n' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon, big eyes, roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her."

This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than

the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned of the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation and despondency he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper:

"Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

"Chihuahua" determined that the girl should not longer work in the restaurant. But what could he do? There was no other occupation in which she could engage and remain in Pyrites, and he could not bear the thought of sending her away.

Well, there was one thing which ought to be done, if it could be done. One September morning "Chihuahua" Brown bade adieu to Pyrites for a short time and went up to his mines on Snow-shoe Mountain. Before going he laid in a large supply of writing paper, some big, thick pointed pens, a bottle of ink and some blank mitted deeds.

The miners working adjoining claims noticed that "Chihuahua" Brown was paler than usual. His manner was less reserved. He was nervous and excited at times. He sat up late at night writing and always concluded by tearing up what he had written. One night when he was thus engaged, one of the men working on the night shift came to the door and yelled:

"Chihuahua! Chihuahua! come into the mine and look at the stuff we've got in there—we've struck it big."

"Chihuahua" hurried into the mine.

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Pyrites. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the monster hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her; but she started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she placed where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Pyrites just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the window of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

There was a fire in the stove, for the night was chill. A neat looking bunk with clean blankets and covered stool in one corner. There was a mining map upon the wall. A bucket of water and a wash-basin were near the door. Candles and miners' candle-sticks were stuck in the log crevices. In the centre of the room was a table covered with writing paper. On the table was a light that had guided her to the place—a candle stuck in the mouth of an empty bottle.

What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a one-half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode.

A letter—she must not read it. Her name! Why, what could this mean? "Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read:

"All my life I have been going it alone, and getting tired of it. I want a partner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into partnership on the 'Goodness Gracious' lode last month. Will you be my

pard for life, and have a regular warranty deed made out by Parson Wilson? I never was in love till I met you. I don't know how this affair will pan out, but I don't think I'll be able to winter through without you. I know my love ain't worth as much to you as yours is to me, and if you say you will be my wife, I'll try and make the bargain even by throwing in the whole 'Goodness Gracious' mine and the 'Small Potatoes' which is an adjoining claim. Answer me quick. If I don't get an answer, I'm afraid I'll hurt some of the boys, because I don't know what I'm doing half the time. Please marry me—will you? And oblige, yours respectfully,

MAXWELL H. BROWN.

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbed the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

My answer is yes.—DORIS.

Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write. Some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a fervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was "Galeana" Mike, a miner. "Chihuahua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least \$1000 to the ton."

"Chihuahua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say: "I wouldn't give one minute less for this 8,000,000 tons of it."—New York World.

## Cultivating the Appetite.

Although too much time and talk are expended on what we shall eat and what we shall drink. Dainty dishes are all very well in their way, but in many families their preparation seems to be the chief end and aim of existence. No sooner is one meal cleared away, than plans are laid for something new and appetizing for another.

What to eat forms the subject of conversation in little gatherings of all sorts. Of course, cooking-schools and the general interest in culinary matters have something to do with this, but the subject, like all others, is in very great danger of being overdone. Especially is this the case where there are young and growing children. They gather round that is going on about them that eating seems to be the principal interest of the family and friends, and it is not difficult to see to what this will lead. The little appetites are pampered, and the minds are filled with fastidious notions about dishes and the way to serve them.

Too much importance cannot be attached to good, plain cooking and the proper preparation of food, but eating should not at any time form the principal subject of conversation. It is not considered good form to talk about one's food while at table; there are topics of conversation much more desirable, and some pains should be taken to introduce some agreeable and interesting subject at the outset of the meal. Do something, do anything to avoid the unceasing tirade about what to eat and how to prepare it. That sort of thing is well prepared it, but is by no means enough in its place, but is by no means a proper subject for general discussion.

—The Ledger.

## How Korean Troops Are Drilled.

On the recent arrival at Chemulpo, Corea, of the United States steamer Marion, Commander Gridley, accompanied by three of his officers, paid an official visit to Seoul, where they were the guests of United States Minister Augustine Heard, at whose request His Majesty, King Li Pin, granted a private audience to the officers and assured the commander of his friendship for the United States. The officers were also invited to witness the drill of a battalion of Korean soldiers, whose military bearing was specially noticeable, as were also the precision and excellence of their drill.

Two companies of 130 men each took part in the evolutions, which were performed according to Upton's tactics. The manual of arms, wheelings and marching in quick and in double time were admirably performed. The file closers all carried long handled clubs, or paddles; instead of rifles, like the rest. The officers' curiosity regarding the use of these paddles was soon satisfied. A poor devil in the rear rank, who brought his piece to "shoulder arms" instead of "order arms," was instantly pounced upon by two burly file closers, knocked down and given a beating that must have made his bones ache for a month. He made no more mistakes that day. This interesting diversion was repeated several times.—New York Herald.

## Pests of Australian Farmers.

The Australian farmers have many enemies to fight against, besides those which have been imported into the country, like the rabbit. Large fruit eating bats do much damage to the orchards, and it is no pleasant sight for the industrious agriculturist to see devouring swarms of these so-called flying foxes advancing on the crops of an evening. Wild dogs were formerly very numerous, but they did so much damage that they were destroyed without mercy. On large plantations a man is kept whose sole work is to lay out poison for them. One of the greatest annoyances in certain parts of Australia is the poisonous nettle or "stinging tree." It is so poisonous that if only beautiful heart shaped leaves are only put in motion they cause one to sneeze. They are covered with nettles on both sides, and a sting from them gives great pain. Horses wounded by them roll as if mad with pain, and if they do not at once receive attention they will in this way kill themselves.—Chicago Times.

## Parental Influence.

As a general rule a child's taste, opinions, character and trend in life, and even its permanent destiny, are practically shaped before the child is seven or eight years of age. The failure of the parents rightly to instruct and train in those early years, both by teaching and example, by constant watchfulness and loving care, can never be made good by a lifetime of devotedness in later years.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE NEWS.

A provisional committee was formed in New York to protect the interests of the income bondholders in the Reading Railroad. Two policemen discovered two burglars in the act of robbing a safe in a saloon in West Oakland, Cal., and fired on them. The burglars returned the fire. One of the burglars was killed and one of the policemen mortally wounded. —Glaucus & Son's spoke factory at Newville, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Loss \$20,000; insurance \$10,000. —Lewis L. Darter, aged sixty-two years, a wealthy lumber dealer in Philadelphia, committed suicide. —An express train on the Atlantic Coast Line struck a caboose standing on the main track, near Weldon, N. C., and two men on the latter were injured. —The parallel rod of a locomotive drawing a passenger train, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, broke and placed the boiler, and the engineer and fireman were nearly scalded to death by escaping steam. —The British steamer Wells City, of the Bristol line, stranded at Seabright, N. J. The crew were rescued by means of the breeches buoy. —Burgars, after forcing an entrance into the First National Bank at Catawissa, Pa., were frightened by the crew of a passing railroad train, while they were in the act of drilling a hole through the steel door of the vault. —A general strike of workmen on the World's Fair grounds was averted by a settlement of the differences with the electrical workmen. —Colonel Charles Taylor, a veteran telegrapher, and founder of "The Old Time Telegraphers' Union," died in Frankford, Ky.

Rev. Dr. Andrew D. Peabody, for fifty years connected with the faculty of Harvard University, died. —The famous race horse Monticello died in his paddock at the farm of his owner, George Lorillard. —The British bark Alcega was wrecked at Bearo on the coast of Panama, and went down with the captain, his wife and eight of the crew. —The schooner Kate V. Alden was stranded near the north jetty, Charleston harbor, and abandoned. —Henry Cross, a well-known farmer living near Fort Plain, N. Y., was murdered by a burglar. —Sherman Aspinwall, of the church of Wm. Pogue near Cedar Bluff, Cherokee county, Alabama, was executed at sunrise. On the scaffold he reiterated his confession that Burkhalter and Leitch, notorious moonshiners, forced him to kill Pogue, because the latter secured indictments against them for the illicit sale of whiskey. —Mrs. J. D. Kistler started the kitchen fire at her home in Omaha by the aid of kerosene, which exploded, severely, perhaps fatally, burning herself, her husband and three children, besides destroying the house and all its contents. —The Illinois and Fox rivers are on a rampage on account of the moving ice, and the people in the towns along their shores are moving. —There was a collision on the Panhandle at Union City between a fast freight and a west-bound passenger train. Locomotives and cars were demolished, and several passengers injured.

John Lovell, an aged hermit and miser, living three miles south of Lebanon, Oregon, who was known to have considerable money secreted in the house, was found murdered in bed. Everything in the house was torn to pieces, the walls being broken and the floor torn up in search for money. —Ann Mary Weston, a fifteen-year-old girl, living in Chardon, Ohio, committed suicide by taking arsenic because of a quarrel with her lover, a lad of seventeen. —A succession of severe earthquake shocks were felt in Utah, Ore., on spreading fear and consternation among the citizens. Buildings were violently rocked. —Gambling has been made a felony in Oklahoma Territory. —President Harry Temple, of the First National Bank of Lexington, Neb., and wife are fatally ill the result of eating poison, which their child playfully placed on meat afterward eaten by his parents. —Over the hundred families have been rendered homeless and destitute in Mississippi by the destructive cyclone. —Thar Carrer Darr arrived from Honolulu with advice. Admiral Serritt reached the islands with explicit instructions. The Queen is not permitted to enter the palace. The baracks are said to be prepared to check any uprising. So far none has occurred. —An explosion occurred in an oil well, at Marthville, Ont. James Duncan and his engineer were killed, and another man named Mckenzie, fatally injured. —Lee Muller, telegrapher of the Farmers' Bank of Springfield, N. Y., has absconded and is three thousand dollars short in his accounts. Muller was an exceedingly popular young man, and, apparently, attended strictly to his bank duties, and was implicitly trusted. It now appears, however, that he was an inveterate card player, and a patron of the Louisiana lottery, and lived high.

Henry A. White, the Kansas Populist leader, is missing, and his wife has asked the police to assist her in searching for him. —The certificate holders of the defunct Iron Hall are clamoring for a division of the large fund in the hands of the receivers. —The schooner Ella M. Watts, for Philadelphia, for Cardenas, struck on Cape Henlopen in a snow storm. —A cyclone struck the town of Marion, Miss., and did great damage in other neighboring towns. Many people were killed and injured. —Several unfinished buildings of the New York State Insane Asylum, at Point Allyn, near Ogdensburg, were burned. Loss \$150,000. —Lee Mantle, Republican Mayor of Butte, was appointed by Governor Richard, United States Senator from Montana. —Mrs. Bertha Hall was dragged in her room at a Chicago Hotel and robbed of \$5,000 worth of diamonds. —Hugh F. Dempsey and Robert J. Beatty were each sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary for poisoning non-union workmen at Homestead. —Gallagher and Davidson received five and three years' sentences. The Marine Engineer Association sent a petition to President Cleveland to prevent the renouing of British subjects as engineers on the new Americanized steamers New York and Paris. —In a duel between George Adams and John Gilkinson, in Wayne county, W. Va., the former was killed. —Policeman Frank McGrail, of Elizabeth, N. J., was shot and seriously wounded by a burglar who he found robbing the house of Jacob J. Coyne.

JOHN GLASPIE, the millionaire lumberman and hotel owner, of Stillwater, Minnesota, was killed in a railroad accident on the Northwestern road, near Baraboo, Wisconsin.

## BIG FIRE IN BOSTON.

Over Four Million Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed.

Several Persons Lose Their Lives—About Thirty Injured.

At 4:25 o'clock in the afternoon fire broke out in the building owned by E. L. Ames, corner of Essex and Lincoln streets. In the wholesale linens and small manufacturing section. The flames spread with surprising rapidity, and it was over three hours before the Boston fire department, aided by companies from other cities, gained control of the destroying element. The fire was marked by the loss of several lives, and some thirty persons injured. The financial loss is estimated at \$4,000,000, and the insurance at \$4,000,000.

It was the most destructive fire that has occurred in Boston since Nov. 28, 1872, when two and a half acres of business houses were destroyed, causing a loss of about \$5,000,000. The great fire of 1872 broke out on the evening of November 9 and aged uncontrolled until noon the following day, destroying 800 business houses, occupied by 1,800 firms, involving a loss of \$80,000,000 and 37 human lives.

The area burned over comprises practically one whole square, bounded on the north by Essex street, on the east by Lincoln street, on the south by Tufts street, and on the west by the city hall. In addition to this square, one building on the north of Essex street, extending along Columbia street, was burned; also three buildings on the east side of Tufts street; also on the south side of Tufts street, the corner of the city hall, which was a part of the United States Hotel, and the rear corner of the hotel.

Two unidentified dead bodies have been taken from the ruins and there are supposed to be many others yet undiscovered. The injured will number about thirty. The flames broke out in the toy department of Horace Partridge & Co., in the E. L. Ames building. The cause is at present unknown, but the start is described by those near it as resembling the bursting of fire-crackers.

The flames spread with incredible rapidity and in a very few moments the entire interior of the building was in flames. There were many employees of the Partridge Company at work at the time, and the other floors of the building were sprinkled with human beings. The usual avenues of escape were at once cut off, and then a scramble for life, which sickened beholders.

The panic-stricken inmates fled to windows and roof. Some escaped by jumping down telegraph poles, others by leaping into blanketed cars, and others by jumping from the roof. Many of the escapees were terribly mangled. Others—how many cannot be told—fell back into the flames or were overcome by the dense black smoke, which suffocated all who did not speedily escape. The fire spread rapidly to the rear corner of the building, and struck Herndon's, a large building on the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets. The fire spread rapidly to the rear corner of the building, and struck Herndon's, a large building on the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets. The fire spread rapidly to the rear corner of the building, and struck Herndon's, a large building on the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets.

Near to the scene was awful. While the fire spread rapidly to the rear corner of the building, and struck Herndon's, a large building on the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets. The fire spread rapidly to the rear corner of the building, and struck Herndon's, a large building on the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets. The fire spread rapidly to the rear corner of the building, and struck Herndon's, a large building on the corner of Essex and Lincoln streets.

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## CABLE SPARKS.

The true source of the Congo river has been discovered.

The committee of the Reichstag has passed the army bill to first reading.

The German troops in East Africa have won a victory over the hostile natives.

The Arabs have signified their intention of supporting the new Sultan of Zanzibar.

It is reported that there is opposition among the Tories to Mr. Balfour's leadership.

A conflict between Serbian peasants and troops resulted in ten persons being killed.

HERR JUNGER, Freisinger candidate, was elected to the Reichstag from Leipzig.

POPE LEO has given his benediction to the project to build a residence for Monsignor Satili.

A motion to order the slaughter of cattle at the port of entry was defeated in the House of Commons.

ALIBI SAID, Sultan of Zanzibar, is dead and the British have placed Hamid Said upon the throne as his successor.

A LUNCH was given on the steamship New Britain, at Southampton, at which many celebrated persons were present.

The election of a member of Parliament for Grimsby resulted in a return of a liberal unionist, a loss to Gladstone.

A HURRICANE swept over the east coast of Madagascar, wrecked a large vessel, destroying property and killing several people.

The Spanish Republicans suffered unexpected reverses in the provinces, and the government majority in the Cortes was broken.

SPAIN is satisfied with the pacific intentions of the United States toward San Domingo, and will withdraw the Spanish warship now at the island.

The House of Lords has rejected a bill amending the laws for the distribution of real estate of intestates, claiming that it struck at the law of primogeniture.

The Italian government has informally suggested that the United States should formulate a plan to propose inviting the reassembling of the monetary conference.

The Chinese censors have preferred charges of treason against Hsueh-Tschun, formerly minister to Russia, and Germany, in having renounced the rights of China in the Pamir regions.

GOV. MCKINNEY accepted the resignation of State Senator James W. Marshall, of the Fourth District, who was elected to Congress from his Congressional district.

A FATAL disease, supposed to be cholera, is prevailing among the hogs in certain sections of Prince George's county, and is said to have carried off a number of animals.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has advanced freight rates on coal from Staunton Manufacturers from \$1.25 to \$1.85 per ton.

The Richmond City Council voted down a resolution appropriating \$1,000 for the Virginia exhibit at the World's Fair.

REV. H. A. BAUGH, of Suffolk, has been called to the pastorate of the Venable Baptist Church, Richmond.

The Norfolk Bank of Saving and Trust is being organized with a capital of \$100,000.

MR. JOHN BONSALE, a native of Norfolk, died in Mobile, Ala., aged eighty years.

A SATISFACTORY test of Manchester's new gas plant was made a few days ago.

The dwelling house and nearly all its contents, and also outbuildings, belonging to George Pendleton, near Mine Road Church, Spotsylvania county, were destroyed by fire. It caught from sparks from an engine near the house that was running a shingle saw. No insurance.

HENRY L. WATKINS, a Scott county farmer, who resided four miles west of Gate City, was killed by a falling tree. He had cut down one tree and while falling it lodged against another. This latter tree he cut down and while running to get out of the way he was caught under a limb and killed.

A FIRE at Marion, Smyth county, destroyed the store of C. M. Wolfe, the office of the Southwest News, the Central Hotel, Leonard & Brother's store and J. H. Francis's tailor shop. Loss \$8,000, with only partial insurance.

The Norfolk and Western road will run through trains from Norfolk to Chicago without change during the World's Fair, via the Co. Columbus route.

The barn of Isaac Snigloff, in Gloucester county, was destroyed by fire, with a large quantity of corn, hay and farming implements.

The directors of the Northern Neck Agricultural Association have decided to hold their third annual fair September 25, 29 and 30, 1893.

D. Thomas White Edmunds, a popular physician of Halifax county, died of heart disease.

The Page-Fuller Camp of Confederate Veterans has been organized at Gloucester Court House.

## VIRGINIA NOTES.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

At Charlottesville the disticello Knitting Mill, a large two-story brick building, together with all the machinery and stock, was totally destroyed by fire. The mill was on Rose Hill, a suburb of the city, remote from fire-plugs. The building was worth \$7,000, and the machinery at least as much more. The insurance is small. Mr. John More, the owner, and he was engaged in the manufacture of hosiery. About fifty persons, male and female, are thrown out of work by the fire.

THE Governor refused to pardon Walby Barton and Hubell Wilson, convicted in 1876 in the Loudoun County Court of house-breaking and larceny, and sentenced to six and twelve months in the county jail.

Miss Ann Potts, aged sixty-six years, of Essex county, recently fell into the fire and was badly burned, from the effects of which she died after intense suffering.

REV. C. L. LAWS of Aldie, has received a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Cape May City, with the offer of a large salary.

REV. E. D. WASHBURN, of Bedford City, is considering a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Romney, W. Va.

JAMES M. A. S. of Rockbridge county, was killed in the face by a coal and died from his injuries.

The body of James Allen, aged sixty years, of Fairfax county, was found in a dock at Alexandria. The deceased received a paralytic stroke some time ago, and subsequently, has acted in an erratic manner. He left his son's house in Alexandria, and it is supposed that while roaming around the wharves he fell overboard.

DR. MAY BURTON died at his residence in Greene county. His death was probably hastened by an attempt he made to kill himself by cutting the main artery in his leg.